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The Man who, with moderate means, opens a generous heart and a generous hand to the distressed poor of his neighbourhood, ranks higher in the estimation of the discerning than the sordid possessor of millions.

Such a Rank has been held by thee, O Tooke !

The Man who, with cheerful serenity, can resign his being, "contented and grateful," into the hand which gave it, does more honour to religion than the man

whose wealth, in the repentant close of life, is devoted to the structure of its public fanes, and for which its functionaries sing a delusive requiem to his soul.

*Peace then to thy perishable Relics, O Tooke !
wherever destined to moulder !*

May thy Faults rest in like Tranquillity !

But may thy deep researches in science, and thy indignant patriotism, be engraved on the ever-during tablet of fame to the end of time !!

IGNOTUS.

March 20, 1812.

* A line in the epitaph engraven on the tablet over the vault in the garden, intended by Mr. Tooke for a burial

place, prepared 18 months before his death.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

THE INEFFECTUACY OF OATHS.

"When I heard, for the first time, of an oath, I considered it as necessary only among rude nations, to whom falsehood might appear less criminal than perjury. Yet have I seen the Athenians exact it from magistrates, senators, judges, orators, witnesses; from the accuser who has so evident an interest to violate it, and from the accused who is driven to the dilemma of offending against his religion, or fixing guilt on himself. But I have observed, likewise, that this awful ceremony was now no more than a form which is an insult on the Gods, useless to society, and offensive to those who are under the necessity of submitting to it. The philosopher Xenocrates, being called upon one day to give his testimony, made his deposition, and advanced towards the altar to confirm it. The judges blushed, and unanimously opposing the administration of the oath, rendered the highest honour to the integrity of so respectable a witness. What idea then must they have entertained of the others ?

[Abbé Barthelemi, in his *Travels of Anacharsis*.]

BELFAST MAG. NO. XLVI.

CÆSAR'S SOLILOQUY.

"Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am unwilling it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when, in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams be fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow; if they are from the Gods, they admonish me not to prepare to escape the decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fullness of days and glory. What has Cæsar not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? He hath not died. *Cæsar is prepared to die.*"

TREASONABLE PUNNING.

We beg leave to suggest, at this critical time, when new laws against treason and sedition are, it is likely, in agitation, that Jacobinical principles may be conveyed even in the shape of a pun, or a quibble. And I had a remarkable proof of it the other day, when a gentleman, in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume on agriculture, and read the following from the *Index*.

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COMMONS, how they increase the miseries of the poor.

..... the drainage of, wholly neglected; the only remedy for the evil pointed out.

..... are a harbour for gypsies and thieves.

..... are defective in point of labour.

..... depastured by a miserable breed of sheep.

..... the portion of them which must be cultivated before the necessary supplies can be raised to support the inhabitants of Britain.

Now, we may ask whether this be not putting wicked thoughts into people's heads, and whether a punster who cracks his jokes in this way on the commons, may not have the audacity to try his wit on the lords.

Jacobins are perpetually varying their language, and we know that they deal in an enigmatical and double-entendre style, which may elude the vigilance of the present ministers unless they carefully study the *Paronomasia*, the *Plocè*, and the *Antanaclasis*.

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN THOMAS PALMER.

First Part of the voyage, pleasant with fine breezes, and free winds—all sails set—spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

Middle Passage—weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away.

Latter Part—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward.—Towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of 50 years came to, in mortality road, with the calm unruffled ocean of Eternity at hand.

A SENTENCE WRITTEN "CON AMORE."

"She called on me on Saturday last, with that fond and tender application, which is natural to misery, when it looks at every body for that help which nobody can give.

Johnson to Thrale.

LORD CHATHAM.

"There is a set of men in London, who are known to live in riot and luxury, upon the plunder of the ignorant, the innocent and the helpless, upon that part of the community, which stands most in need of, and best deserves the protection of the legislature. To me, my Lords, whether they be miserable jobbers of Change-alley, or the lofty, Asiatic plunderers of Leaden-hall-street, they are equally detestable. I care but little whether a man walks on foot, or is drawn by four or six horses. If his luxury be supported by the plunder of his country, I despise and abhor him. My lords, while I had the honour of serving his Majesty, I never ventured to look at the Treasury, but from a distance. It is a business I am unfit for; and to which I never could have submitted. The little that I know of it has not served to raise my opinion of what is vulgarly called the *ponied* interest; I mean that *blood-sucker*, that *myck-worm*, which pretends to serve this or that administration; but which may be purchased, on the same terms, by any administration!"

LORD MANSFIELD.

—"A noble Lord (Chatham) has said that I too am running the race of popularity. If the noble Lord means that applause bestowed by after ages upon worthy characters as a reward for virtuous actions, I have been struggling in that race; to what purpose all-trying time can alone determine. But if he means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost with-

out a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble Lord to point out a single instance in my life, where the popularity of the times had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank my God, I have a more steady, a more noble principle of action—the dictates of my own heart. They who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their hearts to be the slaves of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, whose vanity leads them to mistake the shout of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience teaches us, that many who have received the huzzas of a mob this day, have received their execrations the next; and *some*, who, by the caprice of the times, have been held up as spotless patriots, will appear, upon the page of the historian, when truth has triumphed over falsehood, to have been the assassins of liberty.”

MR. GRATTAN.

“The Irish constitution, commerce, and power, with you. (the VOLUNTEERS), began, and with you they would vanish. You are the great charter of the nation, our efficient cause, and our final hope. Obnoxious for your virtue, you are to confirm your advocates, and to preserve your associations, the dreaded instrument of national deliverance. Believe me, you have many enemies, and you are to guard against *false friends*, and national foes, against the weakness of human nature, and the depravity of man, against sloth, against security, against administration, against a militia. I have heard your legality disputed. Conscious, as I am, that as no law prohibits the subject to arm, convinced, as I am, of your legality, I conceive that question to be lost in the immensity of your numbers, and with the pomp, and power, and trade, and all that train which await

your progress, I shall not stop your army to ask what law has made you; sufficient, that there is no law against you, sufficient, that without you, there would be neither law nor liberty! Go on, and prosper, thou sword of justice, and shield of freedom—the living source of an ancient flame—the foundation of our pride—a providential interposition—an army enriching the land with industry, costing the state nothing, adequate to all her enemies, and greater than all her resources could pay. Awful, indeed, to the tyrant, but to the just prince unconquerable strength! The custody of the nation’s character is in your hands. Go on, and multiply, and add universal security to the cause of your country!”

THE WATER-LILY.

Aquatic plants furnish some curious examples of spontaneous motion, strongly characteristic of instinct. Among them, the Water lily affords a very remarkable instance, and that too connected with the reproduction of its species. This plant bears its flowers upon a foot-stalk, under water, and when the flowering season arrives, the stock rises perpendicularly, without any regard to the stream, until the flowers reach above the surface of the water. At this time some of them expand, and then the anthers discharge their fecundating dust upon the stigma. About four o’clock in the afternoon the expanded flowers close, and the foot-stalk lies down, either upon or under the water. It is erected every day until the flower has been fully impregnated, when it once more sinks under water, and there remains to ripen its seeds, which at a proper time escape from the fruit, and give birth to new individuals.

Extracted from Tupper’s Essay on the probability of sensation in Vegetables. An interesting work lately published.

AN ENGLISH BULL.

Extraordinary Compact.—A squire, and 23 farmers, in the vicinity of Market Drayton, Shropshire, have, as appears by their advertisement, (in the “Staffordshire Advertiser,”) dated at Ternhill, 26th Jan. 1810, formed themselves into a society, and mutually bound themselves to use their best endeavours to find, recover, and bring back any horse, &c. (which, it is presumed, includes property living or dead,) that may be *lost*, belonging to any member of the society; and in order to accomplish this friendly object, they have decided on adopting a new and striking species of horsemanship—having all (24 in number) agreed, on the earliest notice, to set out, each a different road, to ride 100 miles *endways*; and, upon the least intelligence, to ride England through in the same manner. Considering, also, that the hope of reward is one of the strongest incentives to exertion, they have (after mature deliberation) wisely resolved most liberally to reward *themselves*, by giving two guineas to any two members who may succeed.

Queries.

From what place in England can these 24 persons start, each to take a different road, 100 miles in length?

How is this method of riding *endways* to be performed?

How is the reward to be bestowed upon two members, when, being bound to go each a different road, only one can succeed.

WHISKERS AND BEARDS.

The growing taste for enormous whiskers, introduced probably by the renowned Baron Geramb, brings to mind the following extracts, from which it appears, that this appendage to the chin was formerly treated as a thing of grave importance.

The Tartars declared the Persians infidels, and waged a long war with

them, because they would not cut off their whiskers.

It is more infamous in Turkey to lose the beard than to be publicly whipped.

To touch another's beard or cut off a little, was a token of love and protection amongst the first French, and all letters which came from the King had three hairs of his beard in the seal.

In the reign of Catharine, Queen of Portugal, the brave John de Castro took the castle of Diu, in India—he borrowed from the inhabitants of Goa 1,000 pistoles, as a security for which, he sent them one of his whiskers.

The Turks, when they comb their beards, gather the loose hairs, fold them in paper, and bury them where they bury their dead.

Amongst the Romans the beard was a mark of wisdom; and a learned man, who aspired to a philosophic chair, could not possess it on account of being beardless.—*D'Arny's Private Memoirs of the Romans.*

The Turks shave the head, but let the beard grow.—The Negroes shave their heads in figures at one time, in stars at another like the Friars; and still more commonly in alternate stripes.—The Talapoins of Siam shave the heads and the eyebrows of such children as are committed to their care.—The Kings of Persia and some of the early Kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned with gold.—The Americans pluck the beard up by the roots, so that they have been thought to have no beard—a mistake which Linnaeus has fallen into.—*Goldsmith's History of the Earth*, II. 95, 97.

“A beard was esteemed formerly in France as a badge of liberty, and the people were not a little proud of wearing it long, and of curling it to render it ornamental. The monks

and friars, who affected to despise the little vanities of the world, took it into their heads to shave their beards; and the then bishop of Roan, taking it extremely ill that the laity did not follow so pious an example, began to preach against beards in the pulpit, and by degrees worked himself to so high a pitch of opposition, that he excommunicated all those of his diocese who would not consent to be shaved. Hereupon, the bigots, indeed, soon permitted themselves to be trimmed; but the more worldly-minded, accustomed to join the idea of privilege to that of their beards,

conceived their liberties and properties at stake, and, like true patriots, went to loggerheads, and had their brains beat out in defence of the hairs on their chin. The commotion grew so general, and its consequences so dangerous, that Lewis VII. found himself necessitated to take part with the clergy, and have his own beard taken off, to bring smooth chins into fashion at court, and by that means to overcome the prejudices of the populace"—*Nouvel Essai sur les Grands Evenemens de Petites Causes, tiré de l'Histoire*. 12mo. A Geneve. 1759.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF 1812.

(Continued from No. XXXIII.)

ADDRESSED AS USUAL TO THE PRINTERS OF THE BELFAST MAGAZINE.

....." *Quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabat calidis, humanitia Sicis.*"

INFANTS of lampblack, paper, oil, and lead,
Lest of our promised song it may be said,
"Your nibbling at such things is a mere sham;
You, *certainly*, use the public as a butt,
And these your promises perchance you put
Into the Magazine—by way of cram."

Insinuations such as these to quell,
And every charge of negligence repel;
Let us, like other modern bards, my elves;
Of egotism, the beaten path pursue,
And ere we give to any bard his due,
Let's tune our pipes awhile and praise ourselves.

Not long ago, three wights a whimsey took,
Phantasmagoria-like, to write a book;
And at the same time, as my legend says,
Agreed that only *one* name should appear
As *AUTHOR*—who'd regale the public ear
With loud acclaims in his co-partners' praise!

Whilom sojourning in a neighb'ring isle,
Where proverbs flourish, and long thistles smile,
In *SANCHO*'s happiest style I heard this saw—
"Scratch you my back and I'll your elbow claw!"